Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

M.Page. Here comes little *Robin.* (with you?

Miſt.Ford. How now my Eyas-Musket, what newes

Rob. My M.Sir *Iohn* is come in at your backe doore (Miſt.*Ford*,and requeſts your company.

M.Page. You litle Iack-a-lent,haue you bin true to vs

Rob. I, Ile be ſworne: my Maſter knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put me into euerlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he ſweares he'll turne me away.

Miſt.Pag. Thou'rt a good boy: this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a Tailor to thee, and ſhal make thee a new doublet and hoſe. Ile go hide me.

Mi.Ford. Do ſo: go tell thy Maſter, I am alone: Miſtris *Page*, remember you your *Qu.*

Miſt.Pag. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hiſſe me.

Miſt.Ford. Go-too then: we'l vſe this vnwholſome humidity, this groſſe-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Iewell? Why now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed houre.

Miſt.Ford. O ſweet Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Miſtris *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Miſt. *Ford*) now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh; I would thy Husband were dead, Ile ſpeake it before the beſt Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Miſt.Ford. I your Lady Sir *Iohn*? Alas, I ſhould bee a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France ſhew me ſuch another: I ſee how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou haſt the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Miſt.Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *Iohn*:
My browes become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to ſay ſo: thou wouldſt make an abſolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a ſemi-circled Farthingale. I ſee what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Miſt.Ford. Beleeue me, ther's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perſwade thee. Ther's ſomething extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and ſay thou art this and that, like a-manie of theſe liſping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and ſmell like Bucklers-berry in ſimple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou deſeru'ſt it.

M.Ford. Do not betray me ſir, I fear you loue M.*Page.*

Fal. Thou mightſt as well ſay, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

Miſ.Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you,
And you ſhall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deſerue it.

Miſt.Ford: Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you doe;
Or elſe I could not be in that minde.

Rob. Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*: heere's Miſtris *Page* at the doore, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildely, and would needs ſpeake with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me, I will enſconce mee behinde the Arras.

M.Ford. Pray you do ſo, ſhe's a very tatling woman. Whats the matter? How now?

Miſt.Page. O miſtris *Ford* what haue you done?
You'r ſham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

M.Ford. What's the matter, good miſtris *Page*?

M.Page. O weladay, miſt.*Ford*, hauing an honeſt man to your husband, to giue him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpition.

M.Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpition?

M.Page. What cauſe of ſuſpition? Out vpon you: How am I miſtooke in you?

M.Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

M.Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windſor, to ſearch for a Gentleman, that he ſayes is heere now in the houſe; by your conſent to take an ill aduantage of his abſence: you are vndone.

M.Ford. 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

M.Page. Pray heauen it be not ſo, that you haue ſuch a man heere: but 'tis moſt certaine your husband's comming, with halfe Windſor at his heeles, to ſerch for ſuch a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your ſelfe cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you haue a friend here, conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer.

M.Ford. What ſhall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne ſhame ſo much, as his perill. I had rather then a thouſand pound he were out of the houſe.

M.Page. For ſhame, neuer ſtand (you had rather, and you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of ſome conueyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you deceiu'd me? Looke, heere is a basket, if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet*-Meade.

M.Ford. He's too big to go in there: what ſhall I do?

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't:
Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counſell, Ile in.

M.Page. What Sir *Iohn Faiſtaffe*? Are theſe your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: ile neuer———

M.Page. Helpe to couer your maſter (Boy:) Call your men (Miſt.*Ford.*) You diſſembling Knight.

M.Ford. What *Iohn*, *Robert*, *Iohn*; Go, take vp theſe cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-ſtaffe? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landreſſe in Datchet mead: quickly, come.

Ford. 'Pray you come nere: if I ſuſpect without cauſe,
Why then make ſport at me, then let me be your ieſt,
I deſerue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landreſſe forſooth?

M.Ford. Why, what haue you to doe whether they beare it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh my ſelfe of ſ Buck:
Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke,
And of the ſeaſon too; it ſhall appeare.
Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, aſcend my Chambers, ſearch, ſeeke, finde out: Ile warrant wee'le vnkennell the Fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt: ſo, now vncape.

Page. Good maſter *Ford*, be contented:
You wrong your ſelfe too much.

Ford. True (maſter *Page*) vp Gentlemen,
You ſhall ſee ſport anon:

Follow

Follow me Gentlemen.

Euans. This is fery fantaſticall humors and iealoufies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no-the faſhion of France:
It is not iealous in France.

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) ſee the yſſue of his ſearch.

Miſt.Page Is there not a double excellency in this?

Miſt. Ford. I know not which pleaſes me better,
That my husband is deceiued, or Sir *Iohn.*

Miſt.Page. What a taking was hee in, when your husband askt who was in the basket?

Miſt. Ford. I am halfe affraid he will haue neede of waſhing: ſo throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Miſt.Page. Hang him diſhoneſt raſcall: I would all of the ſame ſtraine, were in the ſame diſtreſſe.

Miſt.Ford. I thinke my husband hath ſome ſpeciall ſuſpition of *Falſtaffs* being heere: for I neuer ſaw him ſo groſſe in his iealouſie till now.

Miſt.Page. I will lay a plott to try that, and wee will yet haue more trickes with *Falſtaffe*: his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarſe obey this medicine.

Miſ Ford Shall we ſend that fooliſhion Carion, Miſt. *Quickly* to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Miſt.Page. We will do it: let him be ſent for to morrow eight a clocke to haue amends.

Ford. I cannot finde him: may be the knaue bragg'd of that he could not compaſſe.

Miſ.Page. Heard you that?

Miſ.Ford. You vſe me well, M. *Ford*? Do you?

Ford. I, I do ſo.

M.Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoghts

Ford. Amen.

Mi.Page. You do your ſelfe mighty wrong (M.*Ford*)

Ford. I, I: I muſt beare it.

Eu. If there be any pody in the houſe, & in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes: heauen forgiue my ſins at the day of iudgement.

Caius. Be gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, M.*Ford*, are you not aſhem'd? What ſpirit, what diuell ſuggeſts this imagination? I wold not ha your diſtemper in this kind, for ſ welth of *Windſor caſtle.*

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M.*Page*) I ſuffer for it.

Euans. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience: your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among fiue thouſand, and fiue hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promiſd you a dinner: come, come, walk in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I wil hereafter make knowne to you why I haue done this. Come wife, come Mi.*Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (truſt me) we'l mock him: I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt: after we'll a Birding together, I haue a fine Hawke for the buſh. Shall it be ſo:

Ford. Any thing.

Eu. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the Companie

Ca. If there be one, or two, I ſhall make-a-the turd.

Ford. Pray you go, M. *Page.*

Eua. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowſie knaue, mine Hoſt.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, with all my heart.

Eua. A lowſie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries. *Exeunt.*

Scœ

Enter Fenton, Anne
Quickly, T

Fen: I ſee I cannot get
Therefore no more turne

Anne. Alas, how th

Fen. Why thou muſt
He doth obiect, I am too
And that my ſtate being g
I ſeeke to heale it onely b
Beſides theſe, other barre
My Riots paſt, my wilde
And tels me 'tis a thing im
I ſhould loue thee, but as

An. May be he tels yo
No, heauen ſo ſpeed m
Albeit I will confeſſe, thy
Was the firſt motiue that
Yet wooing thee, I found
Then ſtampes in Gold, or
And 'tis the very riches of
That now I ayme at.

An. Gentle M. *Fenton*,
Yet ſeeke my Fathers loue;
If opportunity and humble
Cannot attaine it, why the

Shal. Breake their talk
My Kinſman ſhall ſpeake f

Slen. Ile make a ſhaft or a

Shal. Be not diſmaid.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not d
I care not for that, but that

Qui. Hark ye, M.*Slender*

An. I come to him. Th
O what a world of vilde ill
Lookes handſome in three

Qui. And how do's goo
Pray you a word with you.

Shal. Shee's comming;
O boy, thou hadſt a father.

Slen. I had a father (M.*A*
ieſts of him: pray you Vncl
my Father ſtole two Geese

Shal. Miſtris *Anne*, my C

Slen. I that I do, as well a
ceſterſhire.

Shal. He will maintaine

Slen. I that I will, come
degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you
ioynture.

Anne. Good Maiſter *Sl*
ſelfe.

Shal. Marrie I thanke y
that good comfort: ſhe cals

Anne. Now Maſter *Slen*

Slen. Now good Miſtris

Anne. What is your wil

Slen. My will? Odd's
ieſt indeede: I ne're made m
uen:) I am not ſuch a ſicke
praiſe.

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